

The History of

Prince Come hither Francis. Francis My Lord.
 Prince How long hast thou to serue, Francis?
 Francis Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as to
 Poines Francis.
 Francis Anone, anone sir.
 Prince Fīue yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clincking of
 pewter; But Francis, darest thou beso valiant, as to play the
 coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles,
 and runne from it.
 Francis O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all bookes in Eng-
 land I could find in my heart.
 Poines Francis, Francis Anon sir.
 Prince How old art thou, Francis?
 Francis Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be
 Poines Francis.
 Francis Anone sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.
 Prince Nay but harke you Francis, for the sugar thou gauest
 me, 't was a peny worth, wast not?
 Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.
 Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee
 when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.
 Poines Francis. Francis Anone, anone.
 Princes Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis:
 or Francis, on thurseday: or indeede Francis, when thou wilt:
 But Francis.
 Francis My I ord:
 Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, cristall button,
 not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe
 tongue, Spanish powch?
 Francis O Lord sir, who do you meane?
 Prince VVhy then your browne bastard is your onely
 drinke: for looke you Francis, your white canualse doublet will
 sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.
 Francis VVhat sir? Poines Francis.
 Prince Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?
 ¶ Heere they both call him, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing
 which way to goe. Enter Vintner.
 Vint, VVhat standst thou stil, & hearst such a calling! looke

Henry the fourth.

to the ghefts within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe
 more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?
 Prin. Let then alone a while, & then open the doore.
 Poines Anon, anon sir. Enter poin
 Prince Sirra, Falstaffe and the reste of the theeues a
 doore, shall we be merry?
 Poi. As merry as Cricketes, my lad, but harke yee, w
 ning match haue you made, with this iest of the Drawer
 what's the issue?
 Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed the
 humors, since the old daies of goodman Adam, to th
 age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What
 Francis?
 Francis Anon, anon sir.
 Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer wor
 Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industry is v
 and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reck
 am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspur of the North
 kills me some sixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfas
 his handes, & sayes to his wife, Fic vpon this quiet life
 worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast t
 to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (saies he) and
 some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preth
 Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne f
 Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, saies the drunkard: ca
 call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?
 Fal. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance t
 ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lea
 long, Ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and fo
 too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke,
 there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*
 Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of but
 full harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the
 thou didst, then behold that compound.